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The Wellesley Magazine.

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The Wellesley Magazine.

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BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

IT is with feelings of reverence that, on behalf of '89, we accept the privilege of offering this tribute to the memory of Bishop Brooks. The wondrous strength of Dr. Brooks's life has been fully dwelt upon by men of power and eloquence all over our land, and yet we cannot refrain from giving additional expression to the honor we would join all men in paying his illustrious memory. It was ours to come into favored relations with Dr. Brooks in the early days of our college course, and, through his connection with us as an honorary member of our class, we enjoyed a personal relation with him which must prove one of the most valuable associations of our college life, and of which we would wish in some measure to express our appreciation.

The brave, loyal young life of her who first suggested this possible relation, more than three years ago, turned her eyes toward the "new light;"

and, were she but here to speak for us, a tribute more worthy might fall from her gifted pen and sympathetic heart. The faith and earnestness of her life had been much enriched by her repeated readings of Dr. Brooks's writings; and, with that marked devotion to our class interests which she ever manifested, she sought to have us all brought into a closer knowledge of the man. The prompt and courteous reply which came to our secretary in response to our request was expressive of that sincerity and cordiality which marked all our later intercourse with him; and it was, perhaps, with pardonable pride that we welcomed his first coming among us. Under the pressure of his many engagements, we could not expect him to be with us frequently, and yet the warm interest he continually manifested, and the strong, inspiring messages he would leave to us, in common with all who gathered within the chapel walls, were repeated evidences of his willingness to give unselfishly of his time and of himself in bearing words of truth and courage to young hearts.

In the quiet which comes after the first shock of sad tidings is passed, it is perhaps, possible to realize more fully what it means to us as a class to have known Dr. Brooks as we have. Not to form an estimate of his influence, for with one accord we place no limits upon that. It must be as unending and as far-reaching as the truths he repeatedly uttered. Nor can we feel we would have his sanction in dwelling upon the force of his personality, inspiring and spiritual as his presence seemed. Rather, he would bind our hearts in closer loyalty and deeper earnestness through the universal truth and singleness of message which he never failed to convey. That message can go to every life, whether in private or public employments, whether in sorrow or joy, whether in doubt and perplexity, or whether seeing "the light in truth's clear sky." In the one it cannot fail to strengthen and succor; in the other, it is as unfailing to bless and stimulate to further activity. A life of action was his, the spiritual with the practical, the one the firm foundation of the other, but the former so continually widening and deepening that it could support a structure of continually growing proportions.

Men and women of all creeds, and men and women of no creed, equally held his respect and sympathy, and he theirs. Social reforms, public and private enterprises, all that would tend to lift humanity on to a higher plane, found in him a ready champion. And side by side with these inter-

ests were those many private acts and ministries which are so beautiful to know about, and yet the half of which will never be told.

That a life which came among us with the simplicity of Dr. Brooks's should have revealed such deep and practical truths, should have shown how the earnest, steady pursuing of one line of truthful work could have accomplished so much for humanity, is no small factor in the lesson which his lifework has taught. The catholicity of his heart and the wide horizon of his thought, the sincerity of his purpose, and a spirit so continually in touch with the activities of the world,— are not these a part of the rich inheritance to which '89, in common with all humanity, may lay claim?

Possibly the mystery of Dr. Brooks's death grows less when we dwell upon the wondrous power of his life. That power forbids analysis. It was given of God, and was directed with that single eye to His service that fitted him to be called to higher courses of service long before our limited vision would willingly see his active labors ended here.

In the grandeur of his strength he left our world. With him was the fountain of life, and in his light shall we see light.

Every '89 girl remembers her joyous thrill of pride and sense of kinship with the world outside our college walls when Dr. Brooks, in his great-hearted, whole-souled way, stepped into our little ranks and allied himself with the Class of '89.

It was a unique position for Dr. Brooks to sustain, and might easily have been laid aside by one whose life energies were claimed by the great world of suffering humanity. Hence it was with full hearts, as the years went on, that the Class of '89 recognized the ready interest and response of that inspired voice and life to the wish or need which was expressed.

I see again in Wellesley's halls an eager, happy group of girls surrounding that magnificent personality who, so often during those four years, gave to us the blessing of a life which sprang itself from the heart of God.

That was a charmed circle, of which Dr. Brooks made the centre, and, truly, the hearts of those girls burned within them as they talked with him! How full of questions those hours were! As if a group of college girls were the one element in which he found himself most at home, Dr.

Brooks turned from one to another of his listeners, now sportively laying claim to some new class or college privilege, then joining a hearty laugh at the difficulties in his way. How many were the arrangements playfully made for his entrance to the "Five Years' Course"!

Again, the conversation would take a serious turn. The heart of a new book would be laid bare, the progress of some social movement revealed in all its vital relations to life. And always the fair, flushed face of one eager questioner is vividly before me,— she whose deep and earnest nature, in the loyal love of truth, held ever in its heart the ties of '89 with all that led into the higher planes of life.

Perhaps the question turned on the subject of a preceding talk or sermon, and then, in a simple way, the spiritual life of each was quickened and stirred by the pure fire of the soul which touched it in an answer.

And always with the thought of Dr. Brooks will rise to mind the evening chapel hour — a room crowded to overflowing — the swaying of that majestic form behind the desk — the full torrent of words — the breathless hush — and, last of all, the heart of the listener glowing from the warm touch of Divine love through God's inspired prophet!

Tree-day was an occasion which drew Dr. Brooks to the college several times during the four years. Those were days when the individualities of class life were made prominent, but over all was fostered that distinctive feeling of the college girl,— her love for "Alma Mater." Dr. Brooks never failed to catch and reflect, in the full sunshine of his great presence, the spirit of enthusiasm due the day. And how dear to the heart of every '89 girl was the merry pride with which he marked himself a junior or sophomore with '89!

Then came a tree-day when '89's peace of mind demanded the substitution of an aspiring sapling in place of her tiny tulip fledgling. The excitement of the day had been great. Of course, Dr. Brooks had been told of the real tree's obstinacy, and had heartily sympathized with our course of action. The end of the day had come, when the camera was doing its work, and the artist was busy arranging his groups. The light had left the little plot of ground about our tree, and a more remote spot had been selected by the artist for our picture. There was a disappointed chorus of voices. Then Dr. Brooks cheerily exclaimed, "Of course we must have

our picture taken by the tree!" Immediately raising from its loose resting-place the tall young substitute, amid the amused smiles of many, he headed the procession of laughing girls to a place where tree and sun could unite in harmony with the class.

I see yet another tree-day, when a dark-gowned procession winds forth from the college doors. This day was no longer one of thoughtless, careless pleasure. It was the last of our tree-days, when the anticipation of new associations was superseded by the thought of separation from the old; and yet, pulsing through the pain of parting, was the joy of life to come, and the heart's out-reaching to the work of its maturer years.

Again Dr. Brooks was one of our company, dressed in the same dark gown, and still the sharer of our interests. And again our hearts burned within us! For he, whose relations to the great, wide world were so immediate, who had ministered to it from the deep courses of his own life, was by his very presence uplifting our hearts to a sense of their new undertaking, and bidding them be pure and strong.

For the Class of '89 will always remain the memory of a Sunday evening in our senior year, when we gathered for a last talk with Dr. Brooks before our graduation. How full that hour was with a sense of our peculiar privilege, and the reality of his fellowship with us! Simply, as if one of us, he sat in our midst and read from the first chapter of Philippians: "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

In the strength of that trust, in the glory of that charge he left us, with the full outpouring of his great heart of courage, in a "God bless you, every one!" And still that message will ring in our hearts, borne to us on the wings of a risen soul.

For the Class of '89,

MARY L. B. JONES.
ALICE L. BREWSTER.

THE LITTLE RAINBOW MAIDEN.

THIS is the story of the little rainbow maiden who lived long, long ago beside the great stone under the rainbow,—the beautiful rainbow standing in the midst of the four kingdoms, the four broad kingdoms, that make up together all the here and all the otherwhere of the world, save the borderland, the strip of grassy plain beneath the rainbow, where the little maiden dwelt beside the great stone. The bow stood like the arch of a wide portal between Fairyland and the Mortal Dominions; and the ends of it were locked deep down in the Dark Kingdom, and above, on the curve, rested the Kingdom of Light. But the grassy plain, being a borderland, belonged to no one, and no one dwelt there till the little maiden came to break the spell that was cast upon the great stone,—the great gray stone that the gnomes had hurled up out of the darkness long, long ago. For it was because of the gnomes that it all happened, all the story; and this was the beginning: —

Once there were some young light-spirits who set out to see the world, and in their journeying they went down into the Dark Kingdom. But, when they stood glistening amid all the blackness, the envious gnomes, enraged and half-blinded by the strange light, fell upon them and bound them with jeweled chains — poor young spirits! — and cast them into the middle of the great stone. And they sealed the stone with a spell, which was: —

Till there shall be born a mortal,
  In the month of tears and smiling,
When the world-wide, rainbow portal,
  Sun and show'r to shape beguiling,
Casts its shadow into heaven
  On a shining, white-light morning,
On the holy-day in seven;
  Till the fairies cease their scorning
  Of the weakling mortal power;
Till they seek and find and care for,
  Spite their doubting, this young mortal;
Till the mortal, knowing wherefore,
  Wills beneath the rainbow portal
By the stone to dwell forever,—
May their spell be broken never.

Then the fairies set to work to do their part in breaking the spell; and year after year they kept watch in all the houses of all the mortals in the

Mortal Kingdom, on all the Sundays in all the months of April. And there were babies born at these times, hundreds and hundreds of babies, but never when the rainbow-shadow hung in the sky. But because fairies are not easily discouraged they kept on watching and waiting, till at last one April Sunday it rained while the sun shone, and far, far from the borderland, in a remote part of the Mortal Kingdom, a baby came into the world, and the rainbow shadow quivered in the heavens.

But it was a girl-baby, a tiny mite of a girl-baby; and whereas fairies acknowledged that girl-fairies were quite powerful beings, they were rather contemptuous of girl-mortals long, long ago. Still, this was the only one who had been born under the shadow of the rainbow, and, much as they might doubt her power, they determined to try her, and meanwhile to keep watch for other babies.

So they went to the baby's mother, and they told her all about it; and they told her what a great future lay before the little child, and begged her for the baby. And the mother was grieved and troubled because she could not go with her baby to the borderland; and she wept, for this was all the baby she had; but she yielded for the baby's sake, and the fairies carried it away. And this is her story,— the story of the little rainbow maiden who lived long, long ago beside the great stone, under the rainbow.

They laid her in the shadow of the stone, and they fed her fairy food, and they wove her fairy gowns; and she lay there on the grass and cooed softly to herself and pressed her tiny hand against the great stone while she stared with baby wonder at the rainbow ribbon stretched above her head.

So time passed, and as she grew older she would roll over on the grass till she touched the stone, and then she would lie quiet, while her small hands strayed restlessly over its rugged sides. And when she could creep she crept round and round the stone, following its shadow as it moved with the sun; till one day she raised herself up upon her feet beside it, and toddled round it, grasping at its jagged points, and crowing little victorious, baby crows, with nobody by to listen. For the fairies knew she was safe, and as long as they fed her and clothed her and shielded her from harm they could not see what else they ought to do; they did not understand the ways of mortal babies.

So this baby grew up with no one to kiss her and say soft baby words to

her, for the mortals near the borderland were too busy to notice her much, and when they did pass that way they only wondered curiously about her, and said it was a strange experiment and they doubted if it would succeed.

And on the whole she saw more of fairies than she did of mortals, though she saw but little of either. And when she learned to speak she spoke fairy words, but her thoughts were the thoughts of a mortal; and so it happened that the mortals who spoke with her said: —

"What a queer way she has of saying things!"

And the fairies who listened to her said: "What queer things she says!"

And neither understood her clearly.

And she was much alone as she grew up, but she was happy, for she knew no other life, and she lived in a beautiful world. On the one side the Mortal Dominions sloped gently downward from the grassy plain, and she could see green fields, and little villages, and trees and rivers, and a sparkling bit of the sea, and far, far away dim cloud-capped hills. And on the other side Fairyland sloped gently upward from the grassy plain; and there were orchards of golden apple trees, and strange plants, and queer-shaped rocks and caverns, and dragons, and all manner of odd creatures wandering about. And as the little maiden grew she loved all the beautiful things, and she sang little songs about them to herself; but she stayed always near the great stone, touching it often, and clambering over it, and playing happily in its shadow.

And at last one day, when she had grown old enough to understand some things, the fairies came to her and told her the story of the stone and of her own small life, and bade her choose to go or stay, for they had no power to keep her.

Then she clasped her small hands and laid them upon the stone and said: "I know now why I care about the stone, and why I touch it often. I could not go away and leave it here and know that there were spirits within that I might have set free. Why is it you say choose? I see no other way but this. My mother had not sent me far from her, had she not known 'twas well I stayed. Dear fairies, I will stay; it was meant so."

And they went away and left her beside the stone.

After this she began to work steadily,— to rub the stone with twigs and grass and bits of rock, and to stroke it with her hands. Even at night she

pressed her cheek against it as she lay beside it on the grass, and it became smoother and smoother. Then as she grew people began to call her "the little rainbow maiden," for she was tiny; and she was pretty, with soft hair, and shining eyes, that still loved to gaze up wonderingly, as the baby eyes had done, at the rainbow ribbon. So she grew to be a young girl, almost a woman, and the stone was polished smooth on many sides.

And one day as she worked, singing softly, there was a flash of light, violet light, from the stone, and as she started away from it a tall youth leaped out of the glow. He was a beautiful spirit clad in royal garments, and from his ankle dangled an amethyst chain, which had bound him within the stone. He stood for an instant, and then, kneeling before her, he spoke, saying pompously: —

"Most mighty princess! Yonder in the fields of the sunset rise the amethyst walls of my royal city against the evening sky; go thither with me and I will clothe you in purple, and you shall rule over me and mine forever. Grant me the boon of your love!"

But the little maiden, standing beside the stone that glowed now with a violet light on one of its polished sides, turned her eyes upon the spirit and said: —

"Long have I watched the amethyst walls of your city shining against the evening sky, and I would that I might dwell therein, but there are other spirits within the stone, and my hand alone may set them free; so must I rest me content to dwell without the walls; it was meant so. And for that love of which you speak, before this time have I never heard thereof; how, then, can I give to you that which is not mine to give? Yet tell me what I may do to pleasure you, and that will I gladly."

Then the spirit unbound the fetter from his ankle and held it out to her, saying:

"Wear, then, this jewel to pleasure me; and it shall be, when you have found that which is called love, that you shall give to me that love, or you shall give again the fetter; and as you will to do, so shall I rest me content."

So the little maiden clasped the amethyst fetter as a collar around her throat, but it was heavy and choking, for the gnomes had forged it, and it tired her so that she worked more slowly. But she wore it, for she could

not bear to grieve the violet spirit, who came often to tell her wonderful tales of the great city in the sunset.

And again, after many days, there was a flash of light from the stone,—a dark flash like the blue of the sea,—and again a spirit knelt before her; but this one besought her to hasten with him to the sparkling ocean, where she might float all night on the dark, dancing waves, with myriads of phosphor fairies ever ready to do her bidding. And he too begged for her love; but she sighed and said she had none to give him; and for his sake she wore for a bracelet the manacle of sapphires that had hung from his wrist. And it made her hand heavy and tired, and her work more slow, but she wore it for his sake.

So from time to time, and ever it was a longer time, the spirits came one by one from the stone: a pale-blue light, a green light, an orange light, and a yellow light; and each in turn begged that she might give him her love and dwell with him in his own best-loved dwelling,—'mid the blue of the sky; deep down in an emerald pool; in the wonderful flicker of a flame; or, with the yellow light, where mortals danced all through the night and were happy. But the little maiden shook her head to all, and to the yellow light she answered that it must content her to watch the fairies dance on the hillside in the pale moonlight; it was meant so. And each in turn gave her jewels to wear,—turquoise, emerald, topaz, and creamy, yellow pearl; and they were such heavy jewels.

But when the yellow light had come the spirits pointed to the rainbow, saying:—

"When one more has been set free, our number will be complete, and then you may choose with whom to dwell."

And at last, in spite of the heavy fetters, one day the stone glowed with a deep crimson light, and out of the rosy flush a spirit stepped, clad in flowing, priest-like robes of scarlet.

"O noble maiden!" said the spirit, "far away in the Mortal Kingdom is a great cathedral, and one day I floated down through a stained window and lay on the marble floor and worshiped. Come, then, and worship with me, for your task is ended."

And the little maiden looked out wistfully upon the Mortal Kingdom, where a tall spire glistened in the sunlight, and she laid her hand upon the glittering stone and sighed, and shook her head, saying:—

"I know not wherefore, but I must not leave the stone. All is not ended. Some power holds me here. Leave me; I cannot leave the stone. Go you and worship. It was meant so."

So she worked wearily day after day, while the sun shone on the stone and dazzled her eyes and made them ache. And one day when the spirits were standing by, a great white light spread from the heart of the stone to its outer edges; and up from the middle there arose a spirit whose fetters fell from him in glimmering showers and lay like dewdrops on the grass. And the other spirits gave a great shout and cast themselves upon the earth, crying:—

"All hail to the Prince of the White Light, the son of the King of the Light Kingdom!"

And he said: "Knew ye not I was imprisoned within the stone?"

But they answered: "Nay, Prince; we thought you wandered upon earth, having escaped the gnomes."

"Hasten, then," said he, "to give the news to all the world, and to the King, my father, who mourns for me."

And they hastened to do his bidding.

He was a tall, shining, glorious spirit, and standing beside the little rainbow maiden, he looked down at her, saying gently:—

"Child, what reward has been promised to you?"

Then something strange stirred within the heart of the little rainbow maiden, for none in all the world had spoken such words to her before, and she said:—

"Wonderful spirit, I have lived much alone and have been little taught, and for that word 'reward,' I know not of its meaning; but there has been no thing promised to me. It was to this end that I was born, that the spell might be broken."

Then the spirit smiled and passed his hand over her soft hair, and his voice was music as he said:—

"You are a dear child; but tell me, wherefore do you wear these jewels? Were they not given in recompense?"

Sadly the little maiden smiled, and wearily shook her head as she answered:—

"Nay, spirit; I wear these jewels for that I have no love to give the spirits

who came from the stone, and it grieved them; but when that I shall find the love, then shall I give it to a spirit, and to the others the jeweled fetters again. Alas! they are heavy, heavy fetters!"

Then as they stood together there came back all the other spirits, and with them all the other people of all the other kingdoms, crowding around the borderland. And the little maiden looked at the seven spirits and then at the one spirit, and she said to him: —

"Will you lay the fetters upon the grass so that the other spirits may take them up?"

And he did so. After, he kissed her, saying no word; and he took her in his arms and carried her up to the land above the rainbow, while all the people shouted.

Then the fairies hung the great stone in the palace of the fairy queen, for a light.

And to the mortals nothing was given; but the mother of the little rainbow maiden said: —

"Let us rejoice that one among us has been considered worthy to dwell in the Light Kingdom forever."

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

FORECASTS OF THE FUTURE IN "PARACELSUS" AND "IN MEMORIAM."

IN the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey stand side by side the memorials of England's greatest musicians. Tennyson was not a composer; his art was interpreting with skilled touch and true musical insight the clear chords and beautiful melodies of this, our own, century. But Browning, with bold, prophetic vision, has gathered up the apparent discords as well as the harmonious passages of the Nineteenth Century symphony, and, mingling with them his own strong octaves, has, with marvelous modulations, woven a new, strange composition which bewilders and attracts, arouses and inspires — a foretaste of the music of the coming age.

Tennyson and Browning are associated as poets of the latter half of this century. But, though the work of both appeared through the same years, the message of each would seem to indicate that Browning belonged farther down the ages. Tennyson truly reflects the spirit of his own age, but

Browning stands on the threshold of the next century, and in his words we find help and hope and revelation of the future.

In order that we may most justly estimate this distinction, let us compare the work of Tennyson's maturity, "In Memoriam," with Browning's "Paracelsus," published when the author was but twenty-three years of age.

"In Memoriam" is a grand funeral march; calm, solemn, and impressive; full of rich, deep minor chords, brightened by a thread of exquisite hopeful melody, which swells at the end into an unwavering chorus of faith and love; the whole forming a wonderful symphony of life. It is in composition a rosary of poems, individual and yet linked, revealing the growth of the poet's mind under a heavy sorrow. The sudden death of Tennyson's dearly beloved friend shattered the poet's faith and plunged him into a chaos of grief and doubt. But the sense of overwhelming desolation lasted only a short time, and, as his spiritual perceptions were quickened, he was enabled to find in the spiritual world what he had lost in the material one.

The poem is a personal confession of the process by which the doubts were conquered, and faith in God, immortality, and the future restored. Let us briefly follow the poet's experience. In the first realization of his loss he wraps his grief about him, chooses to dwell in the past, and goes over in his imagination the shock of the sudden death, and the friendship which "no lapse of moons" can take away, concluding that "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

As the poet turns from the past to the future, and accepts the hope of Christian revelation, he finds that reason confirms his faith in immortality.

> "My own dim life should teach me this,
> That life shall live forevermore,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> An dust and ashes all that is."

But this conviction cannot satisfy his heart; he desires to realize the immortal life, to see and know the friend again. Doubts come; his heart is vexed "with fancies dim." Finally, disclaiming any attempt to settle these difficulties, he turns to other problems. Evil, death, the conflict of Nature and Faith, confront him. Love bids him

> "Fret not, like an idle girl,
> That life is dashed with fleeks of sin;

Abide: thy wealth is gathered in
When time hath sundered shell from pearl."

* * * * * * *

"Oh yet we trust that somehow — good
Will be the final goal of ill;

* * * * * * *

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

The despairing mood does not last. The mourner accepts sorrow as a chastening and developing force. It has been the "bosom friend," a part of the poet's life. Through it the moral sense has been greatly strengthened, so that, upon the firm belief in immortality, he can find "the low beginnings of content."

Spring blossoms upon the poet's mood, and hope returns. The minor key is modulated to a gladdened major chorus as faith grows stronger, and love adds the final strain of spiritual assurance.

"And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those who hear
A deeper voice across the storm."

The last movement of the symphony ends with lines which, like the wonderful introductory stanzas, sum up the belief of the poet in

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

With this review of "In Memoriam," let us consider what views of moral reconstruction in general Tennyson seems to hold. We find in him a keen appreciation of the dignity and efficiency of law, — law not only in nature but in society, — law to which humanity must conform if it is to attain the best development.

"I curse not nature, no, nor death,
For nothing is that errs from law."

Faith is an essential possession, but it is "faith that comes of self-control," that prime virtue which is in perfect harmony with the idea of development according to fixed law.

The progress of mankind is to Tennyson not a speedy regeneration, no sudden kindling of the soul, but the expression of a slow-working method, which includes mastery of self and faithful adhesion to the law of each one's highest life. Time, as well as reason, enters into moral reconstruction. Life in the best sense is to him not a struggle or trial, but a calm and contemplative growth. Not energy expending itself, but energy nobly controlled, is virtue; while violence, extravagance, immoderate force, are the worst manifestations of evil. He counts it crime "to mourn for any overmuch."

Knowledge is to him eminently scientific, gained by slow accumulation of details, but in his highest thought he recognizes a wisdom far above man's "knowledge of things we see;" and this wisdom takes its rise in the glorious Theism which is so beautifully identified with Infinite Love in the prelude to "In Memoriam."

In turning to "Paracelsus," we are more conscious of the great contrast than of the many similarities. The treatment is objective, not personal; the music is not played for us with Tennyson's technical skill, but is left in manuscript form for us to decipher and interpret. The greatest contrast, however, is given in the key-note, and the ever-recurring theme repeats that life should not be a calm, contemplative waiting for sorrow to chasten and experience to develop: it should, rather, be an ardent seeking, an endless struggle, necessitating, perchance, a bold disregard of law and custom.

Paracelsus was a renowned scientist of the Middle Ages. Browning has depicted his life in five scenes, each of which marks a critical moment in his experience. The purpose of the poem is to show how the development of soul may be assisted by the use which the individual makes of the circumstances of his life.

Let us trace the melody of each movement of this composition, and find from the songs of Paracelsus himself the revelation of his soul's progress. We have at first the youthful spirit and high endeavor of the ardent "seeker after knowledge" as he is about to take leave of his friends. He sings: —

> "I profess no other share
> In the selection of my lot, than this:
> A ready answer to the will of God,
> Who summons me to be his organ."

He tells his friend of the heavenly vision, the call to new endeavor.

"Festus, from childhood I have been possessed
By a fire — by a true fire, or faint, or fierce,
As from without some Master, so it seemed,
Repressed or urged its current.
As I sat revolving it and more
A still voice from without said — 'Seest thou not,
Desponding child, whence came defeat and loss?
Even from thy own strength, waste not thy gifts
In profitless waiting for the gods' descent.
Know, not for knowing's sake,
But to become a star to men forever.'"

Learn his purpose as he chants: —

"I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way —
I shall arrive. What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time — His good time — I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In His good time."

Harken to the grand choral recognition of the divinity in man, and see "how great a spirit *he* hid."

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe;
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness.
Hence, may not truth be lodged alike in all,
The lowest as the highest?"

Nine years pass away. The movement changes. Paracelsus has not found what he sought, and the opening recitative is full of the despairing notes of failure. As he mourns and wonders at his ill-success a new friend appears, Aprilé, a young Italian poet — another soul which has aspired and failed. From him Paracelsus learns his own mistake: he has sought knowledge by sacrificing love. In the true life love and knowledge should be united. Aprilé too has sinned. His aspiration has been to "love infinitely and be loved." In the passion for beauty and love he has "refused knowledge," and now passion's warmth is burning his life away, and Aprilé is dying. A quick longing to rectify this error comes to Paracelsus: —

"Love me henceforth, Aprilé, while I learn
To love; and, merciful God, forgive us both!
We wake at length from weary dreams; but both
Have slept in fairy-land; though dark and drear
Appears the world before us, we no less
Wake with our wrists and ankles jeweled still.
* * * * * * *
Die not, Aprilé; we must never part.
Are we not halves of one dissevered world
Whom this strange chance unites once more? Part? Never!
Till thou, the lover, know, and I, the knower,
Love — until both are saved."

But Aprilé's reply is a beautiful swan-song, as he passes away.

Human attainment — honor and fame — has been granted when the third movement opens, but Paracelsus is still struggling for the soul-satisaction which he feels is ever eluding his grasp.

"You know that truth is just as far from me as ever;
That I have thrown my life away; that sorrow
On that account is vain, and further effort
To mend and patch what's marred beyond repairing
Is useless."

He has tried for a time to live on love and beauty only, and now sadly returns to his first purpose. The nobility of his nature is shown (with a touch of the prophetic which Browning loves to give) in the words: —

"I shall be glad
If all my labors, failing of aught else,
Suffice to make an inroad, and procure
A wider range for thought.
What benefits mankind must glad me, too;
And men seem made, though not as I believed,
For something better than the times produce."

The fourth movement is a last, wild, hopeless fling before the calm of true attainment. Paracelsus "gives a loose to his delight." He returns to early impulses, but without the hope which made them noble. Hs is ready to give up the struggle in the sad conviction that "one can ne'er keep down our foolish nature's weakness." The music is sad, cynical, unsatisfying. Let us quickly turn from it to the silvery cadence of hope and prophecy in the last movement.

Paracelsus is dying; the soul overleaps all bounds, and pours itself forth in the grandeur of prophetic song, which sums up all the past experience, and proves the weary seeker victor at last. Listen, as the voice sings, not of knowledge, not of love, but of

"Knowledge strengthened by love; love, not serenely pure,
But strong from weakness;
Love which endures, and doubts, and is oppressed,
And cherished, suffering much, and much sustained.

* * * * * * * *

Progress is the law of life — man's self is not yet Man!
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then
I say, begins man's general infancy.

* * * * * * * *

In completed man begins anew
A tendency to God.
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs; and outgrow all
The narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good."

He realizes fully his own mistake in love.

"In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind.
To know even hate is but a mask of love's.
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,

And do their best to climb and get to him.
All this I knew not, and I failed.
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast — its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day!"

I have quoted somewhat freely, for the strain of prophetic music can be appreciated only in the form in which the great musician composed it.

What, then, are the great principles of Browning? The soul-life, with its infinite desire and endless aspiration, is made of the greatest importance. The duty of man's life is to learn "the actual extent of his own soul's powers, and, having learned them, to develop them straightforward, not necessarily in accordance with human or social laws prevailing in this life, but absolutely for the soul's perfectibility hereafter."

He regards passion, enthusiasm, and energy as of far more beauty and worth than a calm submission to law. Progress is not through self-repression, but through passions which scorn the limits of time and space — bold endeavors toward apparently unattainable results.

Moral reconstruction does not depend on patient study and the slow march of time, but upon those glorious moments when "life is caught up out of the ways of custom, and low levels of prudence," and the individual, guided by the inspiration of a truth suddenly revealed, takes a new stand or makes a resolution which shall change and determine the whole current of his future life. "We are not babes," he says, "but know the minute's worth, and feel that life is large and the world small."

The error of life is resting content within the bounds of the present existence, without striving to reach beyond all earthly things "to the highest Wisdom, Love, Beauty, Goodness,— in a word God." The life-work is not to be too general: it must be chosen and clearly defined.

"One great aim, like a guiding star, above —
Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness,
To lift his manhood to the height that takes the prize."

Browning and Tennyson are types of two poetical spirits, and supplement each other, as the Future supplements the Present. Tennyson is the exponent and interpreter of this century in his belief in a slow, steady progress, in his estimation of scientific knowledge, in his sympathy with doubt, and in his conservative and contemplative view of life. He gives us touches of

the Future in his recognition of man's divinity, and in the results he pictures of the further development of the spiritual nature; but in general Tennyson's place is in this century.

Browning, the Seer, foreshadows the twentieth century in the emphasis which he lays on the soul of man. We find in him the complete subordination of the material to the spiritual. The principle that the soul is to develop not by submissiom to law but by aspiration to something higher is far in advance of this age, as is also the complete unity of Science and Religion, which the character of Paracelsus may symbolize. Tennyson believes in Science *and* Religion, but takes no such bold step as Browning toward realizing their reconciliation.

Browning portrays the evil as well as the good. The falsehoods of life, he holds, must be accepted, understood, and mastered for the sake of Truth. And the faith in man's eventual purification which permits him to look evil so squarely and courageously in the face is far beyond the position of this age. We cannot tarry to seek other forecasts of the future, but we feel that it will indeed be glorious; for both the musicians are optimists, and unite in a strong Christian faith, which doubt only sweetens, and love makes complete.

I cannot find a more beautiful illustration of these points of similarity and contrast than in the two personal poems in which each faces death. Browning's "Prospice" rings with chords of energy and faith which will not sound so new, methinks, to the bolder souls who shall come after us.

"Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place
Where he stands, the arch fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done, and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall;
Though a battle's to fight e'er the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last."

But Tennyson's dainty lyric, which is full of the "still, sad music of humanity," touches the heart as only a message from our own century could.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call to me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

For though from out our bourn of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Tennyson has "crossed the bar;" for Browning the "battle is fought, and the guerdon gained," and we who are left may cherish one strain of music in which both interpreter and seer join: —

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe,
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we *musicians* know."

GRACE E. GRENELL, '93.

THE TALE OF A BLACK CAT.

BETH said his name was "Nickodemus Boffin"—"Boomus for short." He belonged to Beth and she ought to know. Big brother Dick, who was tussling with Roman history, persisted in calling him "*Cat*—aline." Polly would address his majesty as "Brutus," and when she was very cross. with her Latin, as "Pejor Pessimus." You may think that one poor, ordinary black pussy was crushed by this length of name. Not a bit of it. Boomus always rose to the occasion.

I have given you these names of a black cat thinking that perhaps you would take them as a substitute for his ancestors'. You know ancestors give "tone" to a person! Just so Nickodemus Boomus, Cataline Brutus Boffin's long array of names. They were an index to his character; at least everyone but Beth said so, and she loved him. Beth is a small friend of mine, and her one weakness is — cats.

This especial black kitten came to Beth seven years ago. She bought him at a bargain of Amanda Smith. As he was so very distinguished in appearance, Beth's mother allowed her to keep him.

Then, Boomus was a small black ball; now, he is very large and has the

walk of a prince. Boomus is quite black from the tops of his aristocratic ears to the tip of his beautiful tail.

In some respects he has a high sense of honor; in others, his morals are deplorable. For instance: at one time, when a stray kitten was carrying off a piece of stolen meat, Boomus promptly boxed her ears. Beth says that this is true; I cannot say. Then again, he will catch birds, but we cannot find it in our hearts to denounce him, as he knows no better.

Boomus is also a cat of talent. In his miauling he reaches high C with ease, but I am proud to say that he does not exercise this talent, except on state occasions, when we have company to dinner; then if he can get into the dining-room, by fair means or foul, he will promenade around the table favoring our guests with tune after tune, and making our own hearts sink within us; for we know, by sad experience, that Boomus is a cat that calmly refuses to stay "put." Beth says that his singing is high art. I am afraid that I cannot do his singing justice, according to Beth's ideal, so I leave you to imagine it.

If you only could see Boomus pose, I think that you would forget about his singing; he certainly is very talented in posing; he will sit and blink by the hour with his head turned lazily on one side, his front paws brought closely together, and his great tail circling daintily around him. As he purrs away, he looks like a bronze cat.

Three months ago Beth's dear Nickodemus Boffin, "Boomus for short," disappeared from his hillside home, and his little mistress is not to be comforted. So I have told you about Boomus, giving you this full description of his talents and beauty, hoping that, if in your travels you meet with this distinguished black cat, you will send him home to Beth.

JANE WILLIAMS, '94.

WAS IT ROBBERY?

THE camping season was at its height. It had not rained for weeks, and day after day the sun beat mercilessly down upon the parched hills and meadows. Scarcely a breeze rustled the branches of the trees or stirred in the grass. The heat was unbearable, and the only way one might hope to endure it comfortably was by taking up an abode on the lake shore or migrating to the mountains.

Several parties had chosen the former alternative, and the shores of blue Chautauqua were flecked here and there with white tents, glistening through the trees and thickets.

In a hidden cove, an ideal spot for a month's sojourn, three promising youths had pitched their camp. For two weeks they had been spending life in true nomadic fashion, and had subsisted chiefly on plunder and spoil gained from raids upon neighboring farmyards, orchards, and cornfields. Such a mode of living they found extremely fascinating, and the more successful their foraging expedition proved to be, the more they relished their meals. In fact, they had reached such a pitch of moral depravity that, unless they had the consciousness of having "hooked" at least one number of their bill of fare, the meal quite lost its savor. The ways and means to which they resorted to replenish their larder were worthy of Robin Hood himself.

One afternoon they had been lolling around in an unusually listless way, when suddenly Jack appeared from the kitchen-tent with the sorrowful announcement that the cupboard was bare, and, unless they could devise some way to fill it, they would be a supperless crowd.

"I say, fellows," said Bert, "I move we get our supper by fair and square means this time; just for a change, you know. Suppose we develop our muscle a trifle and row over to Rogers's and see what he has in stock."

The others assented and they set off for the opposite shore.

"Rogers's" was the one mercantile establishment of which the little village of Kaintone could boast. It was, indeed, a typical country store, carrying in stock anything from a spool of Coates's cotton to a cook-stove. There was really nothing that could not be bought there, judging from the conglomeration of articles displayed in the show-window.

Though Bert had proposed to get the provisions for this meal by "fair and square means," one would conclude, from what followed, that his ideas of right and wrong must have been corrupted by the two weeks' disuse to which they had been subjected.

Disembarking, they climbed the hill to the village and soon came in sight of the store. Pumpkin pie had been agreed upon as being the most palatable article, and there on the counter was a tempting array of the veritable delicacy.

From the back of the store Mr. Rogers appeared, and with a shambling gait took his place behind the counter. He was a simple-minded old man, with a kindly glance and a most trustful expression in his faded gray eyes.

"How d'ye, lads," said he in a pleasant tone. "How goes it camping just about now? Suppose you spend most of your time trying to keep cool, like the rest of us. Anything I can do for you?"

"Well, yes, Mr. Rogers," said Bert. "We've run pretty short of fodder just at present, and have come over to see if you've got anything good. These apples look pretty fair. What'll you take for 'em?"

"Thirty cents a dozen, and cheap at that," was the reply. "They're from my own orchard, and a sweeter apple you never tasted."

"Put me up a couple of dozen," said Bert, winking at Bill and Jack, who looked surprised at his purchase. "We'll have a corn and apple roast to-night."

The old man carefully counted two dozen of his rosiest-cheeked apples into a large paper bag and handed them to Bert.

"Anything else?" he asked.

Bert glanced around the store, and suddenly letting his eyes fall on the pies, he exclaimed: —

"Look at those stunning pies, boys; we were sillies to get these apples when we might have had pumpkin pie! I say, how do you sell them?"

"Fifteen cents," answered the old man, "and cheap at that. My wife made them this very morning. Will you have one?"

"Well, if you don't mind, I believe, Mr. Rogers, I'll exchange these apples for a couple of the pies. What do you think, fellows?" and Bert turned to the others, knowing well their opinion.

"I'm agreed," said Bill and Jack, simultaneously.

Bert poured the apples back into the basket while Mr Rogers wrapped up a couple of the pies and gave them to Jack. His customers were about to leave the store when the old man called after them.

"Here, lads, you haven't paid me for those pies. Thirty cents they were."

"Excuse me, Mr. Rogers," said Bert, politely, "but I exchanged the apples for the pies."

"Yes, I know; but did you pay me for the apples?"

"Certainly not; we didn't take the apples. There they are in the basket."

Bert had a mischievous twinkle in the corner of his eye as he made this reply and saw poor Mr. Rogers growing decidedly muddled under his logical arguments.

"Hold on a minute, you rascal," and Mr. Rogers seized a paper and pencil and began to figure away at a rapid rate. He scratched his head, he pulled his beard, he rubbed his eyes, he even sharpened his pencil, but could reach no conclusion except that he had been unmercifully hoodwinked and there was no remedy for it.

So involved and lost had he become in his mathematical calculations that he did not observe the trio as they, one by one, made their exit from the store and pushed off from the beach, with the pies safe in the bottom of the boat.

L. Elizabeth White.

A PARABLE OF A SOUL'S SEARCH.

IN a beautiful garden, where sweet and rare flowers bloomed, where there, was always music because of the many birds gathered in the trees, and where the sun shone every day, there once lived a little child. A little brook wandered through the garden, sometimes dancing along in frolicsome glee, then slowly passing under bending shadows of the great trees. The child, playing about its banks, looked upon its face in the cool, quiet places and saw ever reflected there the blue sky and fleecy clouds, moving so far above his head. For him grew the flowers in this garden of gladness, for him the sun shone, and for him alone the birds sang merrily. He knew naught of the great world outside.

The trees whispered to him happy secrets as he lay on the soft grass, looking up at their closely clustered leaves. And sometimes he stopped in his play and smiled, for he thought that he heard music, sweeter than any song of the little birds. When he told those who cared for him in the garden of the music, they said it was the angel's song. Ever after, as he looked up at the great white clouds, he fancied that they were the ships of the angels who sailed always on the blue sea of heaven, singing to the music of the sky waves.

As the child grew tall and strong, he began to think many new thoughts

and to wonder what lay beyond the high walls of the garden which shut him in. A day came when, in his play, he removed a loose stone in the wall and looked out into the busy street. He watched the throngs of people who passed by, wishing that he also might go with them to the place that they seemed striving so eagerly to reach, pressing forward as though they must lose no time. From that moment a strange unrest filled his heart: no longer could he be satisfied within the great walls.

At length the keeper of the garden knew that it was best that the boy should go out into the wide world. So one day he unlocked the gate, and, bidding the child a tender farewell, suffered him to go forth into the street. Then the iron bars shut fast behind him. Never again could the boy pass through them; but the thought did not then make him sad. Without delay he walked rapidly forward like the others whom he saw on the broad highway.

There were many young men among the thronging multitude who passed the time in smile and song. There were older men with unsmiling faces, whose eyes were bent upon the ground, and who often stooped to pick up glistening fragments which were scattered in their pathway. Sometimes what they clasped was yellow gold, but, as the boy afterwards saw, more often it was naught but broken glass. Before many hours had passed he had joined himself to the young men and was making merry in their company. They told him that they were seeking happiness, and perchance gold also, if they could find it by the way; but the older men were claiming all that was on the road, so that they could grasp but little. With them the boy walked onward gaily, sometimes but not often finding a bit of gold. With them at night he entered the great halls, which sparkled with light on each side of the highway, and within which were music and feasting.

The months rolled away. The boy had gathered but a very slender stock of gold, and he was weary and sick at heart. No longer did the feasting, the music, and the dancing make him glad. He longed for the beautiful garden, and for but one strain of that far-off angel's song. A voice from his starved soul wailed ever within him and would not be quieted. So one day he lingered behind his gay companions, who went on, heedless that he was not with them, and he sat by the road, pondering what thing it were best for him now to do.

At that moment an old man approached him slowly. His snow-white hair fell upon his shoulders. His face was so pure and kind that the people turned to look upon him as he passed. The boy looked into his eyes; they were fearless and earnest, but at the same time very sad. He sat down beside the boy to rest, and the boy asked him whither he was bound on the great highway.

The old man answered, "I am seeking Truth. Long years have I been on the way, and my hair has grown white on my journey; but, though I cannot yet find it, I am not discouraged. I know that I follow after an unnumbered multitude who counted it not too great a task to spend their lives for it. So grand and glorious a thing is this Truth, that even a glimpse of it would repay for the pain of a life, the suffering I have borne in its search."

At these words, the heart of the boy was stirred, and he said: "I also will search for this wonderful Truth. I will even go with you, and together we will seek until we find." Then the old man joyfully took him by the hand and gazed upon him, and behold! the youth at his side was no longer a boy, but had the manner and bearing of a man. As they rose to go upon their quest, the sunshine seemed to stream upon the young man, as in the garden, and a music of wondrous sweetness rang in his ear, like to the angel's song of his childhood.

Through quiet and still paths, far away from the noisy highway, the old man guided the younger. By a road that wound always upward, breathing an air that was ever clearer and purer as they ascended, the travelers at last reached the summit of a high hill. Here white buildings gleamed through the dark-green trees; many people passed in and out at their wide portals, but the silence of thought rested upon the place. Within, vast halls whose walls were lined with countless volumes awaited the seeker for knowledge, and learned men imparted the wisdom of the ages.

Long hours did the two searchers pass in these halls, learning often some new thing about the great Truth, but the sure way to its dwelling-place was still unknown to them. Many were the directions given in the wise books and through the lips of the teachers, but the two knew not which was the one path to follow. They grew ever more bewildered, and wandered from east to west in the wood.

At last there was a time when, coming to the edge of the wood, they saw many interlacing paths stretching before them. Then the old man said: "I must go on. I can rest no longer here. I will boldly take one of these paths, and it may be that if I falter not I shall some day see that for which my soul yearns."

But the younger man delayed. "I cannot go with you," he said, "unless I see, unless I know that this, and this only, is the path which will lead me to Truth."

"Have you not heard that they are blessed who, seeing not, yet have believed?" said the old man, gently. Nevertheless, the young man turned away, and the aged one went sadly on his journey to the desired goal.

Back to the wood turned the discouraged one, but not entering at the same place where he had gone forth. Presently he stood in front of a building that he had not seen before. It was of dark stone and was densely shaded by tall trees. Curious animals wandered about it and rare plants grew on the grounds. He entered the cold, dimly lighted halls, and listened to the words of the teachers. They were instructors in a learning new to him. They said that they knew not the way to Truth, nor did they surely know whether anywhere in the great world was this wonderful thing that men sought, or whether it might not be but a fable of the past. Therefore it were wiser to go no farther, but to stay in the dark wood, studying the curious things of nature about them.

For a time the young man remained with them and ceased his search. But gradually a shadow stole over his eyes, and he was never free from a sadness that held him fast. He walked like one in a gloomy dream, in a night where never a star gave light. The garden of his childhood seemed only a vision, and nothing was real but the ever-growing pain in his heart. No music of the angels rang about him, and when he stood in the sunshine he shivered with cold.

One day, with despair in his soul, he broke away from the gloomy halls, and, following a path which led to the highway, he came to the same great road he had traveled in the search for happiness. There were the gold-seekers, still laughing boldly, but pushing and struggling against one another in their eagerness to find the glittering prize. His eyes beheld no longer smiling youths, but only toil-worn, hard-faced men; and there were false notes in the music that came from within the great halls.

Then he discovered a deep valley at one side of the road, and, crossing to look down into it, there was borne upon the wind a wail as of many souls in pain. The light below was very dim, but men and women were there whose faces, gaunt with hunger, were turned to the road above; little children cried for bread, and lay on the ground sick and dying.

Then the young man forgot his own despair, forgot his great search, forgot all else but the cry of the children. He went down into the dusky depths of the valley, heeding not the roughness of the way, and hastened to the suffering ones.

Time passed on, but he toiled without ceasing in the gloom, striving to bring comfort to broken hearts; and the knowledge of the books was as naught to him, save that part which helped him to understand the remedy for pain. A joy was in his heart, unknown before, a content that dispelled his doubt and bewilderment as does the sun the mists that fade at its coming.

One day as he walked, holding by the hand a little child, whom he had found weeping by the roadside, a light shone out beyond and above him, which yet did not come from the sun; it was as a pathway stretching away before him, but where it ended he could not tell. Brighter and brighter it grew, until, no longer able to look at the light, he knelt and hid his face. He heard again the angel's song in wondrous harmony. And then one clear voice alone took up the strain, and thrilled his very soul; it was the voice of One who had suffered but was now a victor. He trembled, but still was glad, for he knew in that moment that it was Love, and Love alone, which had led him to the great white light of the unchanging Truth.

Then he entered again into the valley, for the light was with him.

GRACE ELDRIDGE MIX.

Editorial.

I.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, in accordance with its constitution, will be edited in and after the month of April by a board elected from the coming Senior Class of '94. We of the board of '93 would greet our successors and would wish them all success and happiness in their editorial endeavors. The MAGAZINE is, and must always be, especially dear to the Class of '93, and we who were chosen to watch over our infant periodical in its very babyhood must always feel for it a special care and tenderness.

You of '94 will doubtless discover that this six months old MAGAZINE is most autocratic, most imperative, in its demands upon your time, temper, and talents. For six months, after the manner of "the only baby in the house," it has ruled us with a rod of iron, or, to be more technical, of steel. Before it we abase ourselves as slaves in the presence of the Sultan. This MAGAZINE, this nursling of the Class of '93, rises up before us as a personality, and we, the board, have learned that our duty lies in executing its behests.

There may be troublous times, good fellow-journalists of '94, when the rule of this young autocrat will be found most trying, most discouraging, most perplexing to your literary souls; and yet we dare prophesy that when, once every month,— a week or two late, it may be, and whether your fault or the printer's, yourselves alone will be able to surmise,— the pretty tyrant in white and blue smiles at you out of the midst of its new table of contents, you will forget all the injuries and indignities which have been put upon you and will bind yourselves more loyally, more lovingly, to do its will.

We can truthfully say, as we give the MAGAZINE into your hands, that our half-year's work has been encouraging, the MAGAZINE exists, and the college and the Class of '94 seem to care about its existence. For ourselves, the pleasure of the work, for the work's sake, has fully repaid us for the time we have given to it, and we are glad to be able to welcome you to the delights and fascinations of college journalism.

II.

IN the first number of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, issued in October, we introduced editorially the department of the Free Press, stated briefly its *raison d'etre*, and declared it policy. Now, at the close of the MAGAZINE'S first corporate year, a suitable time has come in which to review the policy and note the results of an enterprise novel in the history of Wellesley periodicals, and six months ago having for its only justification the united demand of the college and its own promises of future achievement.

We announced in October that the Free Press had been established by the college because of a generally admitted belief in the efficacy of free discussion as a means to development. Discussion to be free must be of a broader and more general nature than is possible in desultory conversation, where sympathetic friends form the audience, and where neither the keenness of insight that comes from formal argument, nor the effective result due to direct attack, is obtainable. It was thought that by devoting a portion of the MAGAZINE entirely to this purpose, by throwing its pages open unreservedly to expressions of opinion upon all matters, several important objects might be attained. First, a certain intellectual enjoyment, and, if it does not seem too pretentious, discipline, such as follows naturally upon keen argument carried on in the presence of one's whole every-day world and in the knowledge that any slip in logic will most certainly be detected by some opponent. Second, a greater breadth of thought, since among eight hundred intelligent persons interests must range over a tolerably wide field, and opinions touch somewhere on nearly all the faces of many-sided truth itself. Third, the practical development and improvement of circumstances due to a criticism given, within suitable limits, entirely free play.

In order to carry out such a design successfully, it was essential that we stand firmly by our promise of granting full freedom of speech. Whenever an article expressing seriously and deliberately any view of any subject should be sent us, we were bound to take care that it be published. Any curtailment whatever of liberty of speech is dangerous. The mere fact that to the editors certain arguments seemed insufficient, certain views erroneous, certain criticisms unjustifiable or humiliating, afforded no manner of excuse for their suppression. On the other hand, the appearance of an article in

the department gave it no claim on editorial sanction or responsibility. It was not to be expected that we would vouch for the truth of statements made in the Free Press, and manifestly impossible that the MAGAZINE should stand sponser for opinions expressed there in the same way that it did for those appearing in the editorial columns. The responsibility of permitting wrong views and weak arguments to go unanswered lay with the reading public, not with the editorial board. Every reader of the MAGAZINE, as she loves truth in the abstract or college welfare in the concrete, was bound to see to it that no false statement went unchallenged.

This, then, as we understand it, was the original contract. The MAGAZINE, on its side, was to open its pages freely; the college, on the other side, agreed to supply those pages and maintain the character of the department. During the six months of its existence the MAGAZINE has stood steadily by its policy. The more difficult part of the contract, the part that contributors had to fulfill, has on the whole been met in a way very gratifying to our college pride. A decided interest in the department has been shown. Contributions have come in covering a considerable range of topics, general as well as local. Their tone has been frank and honest. The writers belonged to all ranks,— faculty, alumnæ, undergraduates.

There is of course still much to be desired. It could hardly be expected that six months would thoroughly mature a project requiring so much energy, vigor, and determination. Contributions should come in more rapidly, more subjects should be discussed, opinions should be more freely uttered and argument be more enthusiastic. The possibilities of the department should be developed to their furthest limit. Nevertheless, what has been augurs well for the future. We look forward confidentially to the time when the Free Press shall have become all that its designers planned and that we have hoped.

The Free Press.

I.

It is really something of a pleasure, when showing a stranger our College Hall, after passing the general office and book-store, to say, "And this is our post-office." An open door reveals an array of boxes systematically arranged and numbered, enclosed in glass and iron, and bearing the mark of the United States mail; an interesting glass door, and the window open or "closed;" all so official, business-like, and worldly that they seem hardly to belong to academic halls. Showing this post-office to guests is by no means the only pleasure connected with it. One has such an individual importance in owning and being obliged to carry a key. This key furnishes topics of conversation as to its propensities for being at home or lost, etc., induces comparisons as to the method of carrying it, and calls forth denunciations of the present pocket-less rule of the dressmaker, and vain longings for key-rings, or vest pockets, or *something*. One has also a common bond of responsibility with the other two people who share the box. An almost family interest is developed in going for "our mail." One gains from the post-office certain formal and business-like habits. No more notes on scraps of paper are seen. Certain hours determine the delivery of local messages.

But with all this one is not satisfied. How much more important we should feel in displaying our post-office, could we say, "Yes, it is a great improvement. We are quite in touch with the world now. No more country deliveries! Every mail brought to town comes to us." How much more useful that key would be if it could unlock for us more mails a day. More than all else, how pleasant it would be to know that we had all we might have. Why may we not continue our improvements? Mails arriving in the village at nine o'clock and at twenty minutes past ten in the morning do not reach us until four o'clock in the afternoon. The evening mail does not reach us until next morning. Yet the daily coach passes the village post-office frequently and could easily bring us all mails. By the present system a considerable part of domestic work formerly connected with the mails has ceased. To distribute two more mails a day would not take more time than used to be spent. Is there any objection to be offered, and if not may we not have an eleven o'clock A.M. and a seven o'clock P.M. distribution at once?

MARY EMMA DILLINGHAM.

II.

For the Free Press.

There are, surely, very few girls, if there are any, to whom a movement tending to improve our college in any way — be it great or small — does not appeal. It does not take long for the spirit of Wellesley to find its way to the heart of her children, and just as we recognize that it is the purpose of our Alma Mater to make us women for life, so in our hearts this desire springs up to help Wellesley in her cause by doing all in our power to make her better fitted for it. Do we not, also, grant that there may be great progress made in very small ways as well as in larger ones? There are little faults in our college which influence us to an alarming degree, and which we alone have the power to overcome. For instance, would we not be the better for seeing, morning after morning, every girl in her seat in chapel promptly; every girl manifesting throughout the service a spirit of reverence, and taking an enthusiastic part in it? I think we all grant it; but where does the trouble lie? Why is there this need for improvement? Because the morning that we happen to be on time for chapel, or disposed to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the services, the unrighteousness of our neighbors appeals to us; but let us, by chance, by unavoidable delayed or have to speak to some one about a matter of great importance, and we consider ourselves thoroughly justified; and, further, being but one in seven hundred, we think it cannot make any perceptible difference. Is this not where we fail? Are we not lacking in personal responsibility? The fact that the mass of us who are late, or who must talk after we are within the chapel doors, are selfish in keeping others from a quiet and restful service must be granted; and, at the same time, it is true that every one of us forgets or does not heed her own responsibility. If every girl would think, "This is my fault; I will overcome it," I am sure that there would be seven hundred girls promptly in their places every morning, and seven hundred girls would thoroughly enjoy a service which is but a perlude to our day's work.

The same principle, or rather lack of principle, was at work some time ago when the "Te Deum" was sung almost entirely by the girls who were intended to lead it. The chant is simple and easily learned, and if every girl had but tried to do her part, what an inspiring anthem we might have had!

What kind of women will we be if we do not early realize the deep personal responsibility which is ours; and, how is this feeling to be developed but by a constant determination to do our part in every matter that concerns us, although it be ever so insignificant? There are so many things which we could easily put right. Let us exert ourselves to do this and we cannot fail to attain to the

greater things for which we long. Wellesley College can never be ready for self-government until to every student's heart there comes home a realization of her responsibility for her Alma Mater and determined — as the Wellesley woman can determine — to do her part.

HELEN RUSSEL STAHR, '94.

III.

That there is a tendency at Wellesley toward unjust criticism is shown not only in our estimation of private individuals, but in our judgment of public speakers. While it is true that we very quickly recognize excellences where they unquestionably exist, it is still true that we emphasize the defects when the excellences are hard to distinguish. For instance, if we have an acquaintance whose good qualities are prominent, we do not fail to see them. If, on the other hand, her disagreeable traits are most apparent, they are apt to prejudice us, and keep us from finding the good that is beneath the exterior. We show the same fault in criticising a public speaker. We are not slow to commend good sermons; we do not hesitate to condemn bad ones. Yet, as a matter of fact, are these sermons entirely bad? Are there not certain great truths presented? They may be disclosed in an uninteresting manner, and may add nothing new to our knowledge; yet truths they are, worthy of our notice and consideration. Indeed, in this every-day, practical sort of criticism, our rule seems to be high praise, or no praise at all.

That such false criticism exists in college has been noticed by many. That it should exist seems inexcusable. What is the object of our analytical and critical training? It is surely not the discovery of faults alone. Let such an estimate be made by those who do not see that there is good in everything. Our study in literary and artistic criticism should teach us that in everything there is strength as well as weakness. If our training shows us that judgments should not be one-sided; if we realize with Mr. Arnold that "true criticism is a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," there is no reason why we should not be able to see high and noble traits in the most ordinary people, and beautiful truths in the most mediocre address.

L. O. P., '93.

IV.

Every Wellesley girl must rejoice in the idyllic situation of our college in the midst of all the varied beauties of fields and woods; yet we must admit that such a location subjects us to some minor disadvantages, and that not the least of these is the difficulty, discomfort, and expense of conveyance to and from the village.

Most of us, doubtless, can recall our incredulous surprise when first we were informed that the cost of a one-mile ride, in a crowded, jolting coach, was more than half as much as our railroad fare from Boston to Wellesley. Since then we have probably made many efforts to explain to our puzzled visitors how poor a financial enterprise it must be to run a coach between the railroad station and the college, especially since, not infrequently, a trip is made without securing a single fare. Perhaps we have succeeded at last in persuading ourselves that this business is carried on in a spirit of pure benevolence, and not as a money-making scheme at all; but I doubt if we have been able to bring our visiting friends to the same point of view, and it is therefore not strange if the spirit of rebellion and complaint is sometimes roused within us, in their behalf if not in our own.

But, aside from the matter of expense, the present method of transit is not eminently satisfactory. Coaches are seldom found to be the most comfortable of public conveyances, and ours are no exception to the rule. To weight a coach sufficiently to prevent unendurable jolting, one must also crowd it so uncomfortably full that it is almost impossible for any passenger to move or breathe.

Surely, we may hope that Alma Mater may sometime find a more pleasant and, at the same time, less expensive, conveyance for her children and their friends. I am sorry to confess that I have neither the inventive genius, influence, nor funds necessary to devise and execute any plan for improvement in this direction. I can only grumble loudly over our present discomfort, hoping thus to arrest the attention and enlist the sympathy of some philanthropist, who may haply possess and apply the resources I lack.

M.

We are glad, at this time, to be able to give to our Wellesley world the following letter from Dr. Shinn:—

JANUARY 23, 1893.

DEAR MISS SHAFER: —

I spent two hours last Tuesday with Bishop Brooks at his house, at his request, talking over some plans for church work in the Diocese. In the course of the conversation, he express his deep interest in the religious welfare of the students at Wellesley College. His great heart was full of the deepest concern for them, that they might grow up not only well-educated women, but that they should develop in all those Christian graces which adorn womanly character and make it so potent an influence for good in this world.

He spoke of his visits to the college and of the generous welcome always given him, but more prominent than anything else were his expressions of interest that

the college would do its part in helping the students to become centres of wholesome influence wherever they might be in after life.

One thought which he expressed was that in these days of enlarged opportunities for acquiring an advanced education, some might suppose that the object of the college was reached when it made them skilled linguists or mathematicians or the like; whereas, to attain their noblest usefulness they must become more womanly in all the grace and delicacy which such a word implies. His idea was that there was a danger of substituting mere intellectual force for sweetness and humility and that indescribable quality which we associate with true womanhood.

He had very much to say about the college and its work that showed how helpful he would have been in the time to come if his life had been spared. He regarded the institution with loving interest, and wanted to be the personal friend of each and all.

I thought it would be interesting to you and the faculty and students to know how very recently you were in his thoughts. His departure from us is indeed a personal loss, but I hope that both the wise things he said in his visits and the kindly feeling which he had for Wellesley will cause his memory to be enshrined in every heart, and that the influence of his consecrated life may show us all more clearly how noble any life may be that is spent in following Christ.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. SHINN.

Exchanges.

The "Nassau Lit." is one of the best of our literary exchanges. The February number contains a prize story, "At the Sign of the Golden Lamp," a well-written tale of contemporary New York life.

The "Wesleyan Argus" contains a discussion of a practical plan for the union of faculty and students. The question is an interesting one for the members of all colleges.

"In the Balkans" is a tragic tale, effectively told, found in the current number of the "Oberlin Review."

A new magazine, the "Columbia Literary Monthly," finds its way to our table this month. The stories are bright and entertaining. Two of the essays are particularly noticeable, "Some Contemporary Humorists" and "The Dramatic and Shakespearian Conceptions of Rosalind." The latter is the first of a series of criticisms on such current plays as possess a high literary value, and compares the presentation of Rosalind as given by Modjeska, Ada Rehan, and Minna Gale.

The "Harvard Advocate" for February 8 makes an editorial plea for a course of American literature in the department of English. There is also an editorial urging the full union of the annex with the University. The stories and "Kodaks" are racy as usual.

The "Yale Courant" is entirely given up to fiction, of which the "Ways of a Knave" is the best example.

From the verse of the month we select the following: —

THERE PHYLLIS SITS.

There Phyllis sits thoughout the play
And there my fancies idly stray,
  Forgetful of the noise and glare,
  The hero's love, the maiden's prayer,
The actors in their brave array.

In mood, perchance, not grave or gay,
But, — philosophical we'll say,
  In such a mood I glance down there —
    There Phyllis sits.

Oh lucky man in the parquet,
I had your place one happy day.
  But fortune's fickle as she's fair,
  And sometimes she has moved my chair;
Now I sit very far away,
    There Phyllis sits. — TRINITY TABLET.

Ginn & Company: Greek-English Word-List. By Robert Baird, Professor of Greek in Northwestern University.

Hume's Treatise of Morals, and Selections from the Treatise of the Passions. With an introduction by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., of Columbia College, New York.

D. C. Heath & Co.: La Cigale chez les Fourmis. Comédie en un Acte. Par Legrure et Labiche. Edited with notes by W. H. Witherby.

College Notes.

The Glee Club has two new members, Miss Anna Hunt, Special III., first soprano, and Miss Kate Nelson, '95, first soprano substitute.

Permission has been given the Seniors and Juniors to give teas at the different cottages on the Monday afternoons and Saturday evenings of next term.

Miss Hill gave an exhibition of the Swedish work done in the gymnasium by the Class Crews, on Wednesday evening, March 15. Among those present were Dr. Sargent, Dr. Enebuske, Baron Nils Posse, Miss Hormans.

The editors of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE for next year are as follows: Mary Conyngton, editor-in-chief; Anna K. Peterson, associate editor; Helen Stahr and Florence Tobey, business managers; Alice Kellogg, Emily Schultz, Mary Isham, Lillian Quinby, literary editors; Maude Keller, alumnæ editor. There still rema in to e elected a literary editor from the Specials.

At a meeting of the Class of '96, February 11, Miss Harriet Baldwin was elected chairman.

Miss Pearl Underwood entertained a number of friends at a valentine party, in her room at the Main Building. Although each guest was expected to bring three original valentines, yet that did not detain them, and a most enjoyable evening was passed.

The measles epidemic, which has enlivened the college for some weeks, seems to be subsiding. The most noticeable characteristic of the epidemic was that it was confined almost exclusively to classes '93 and '96.

On the evening of March 4, Mr. Hayes, who spoke here last year, addressed the students, on Alaska. His lecture, which was extremely interesting, and eagerly followed by the audience, was illustrated by stereopticon views of many of the find bits of Alaskan scenery.

One of the best lectures of the year was that on Ruskin, by Rev. W. Hudson Shaw of Oxford, on February 13. Mr. Shaw is not only a scholarly and brilliant speaker, but he succeeds in securing the sympathy of his audience, and in holding their undivided attention. His choice of subject was very happy, and the lecture was most highly appreciated by all those who were fortunate enough to attend.

On Monday night, February 20, a Students' Concert was held in the chapel. It was the first one of the year and was most delightful. The audience was large and appreciated the many well-rendered numbers on the program. Besides several of the musicians who are always heard gladly, several new vocalists and pianists took part, all of whom promise to add valuable talent to Wellesley.

A most delightful masquerade and dance was given in the gymnasium on the afternoon of the 22d, by Misses Reid, Simrall, Lucas, White, and Keith, in onor of Misses Brown, Underwood, Wilkinson, and the Misses Green. The costumes were various and original and the afternoon was most pleasantly passed.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs gave their first concert of the year on February 22. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the concert was largely attended by both students and guests, the chapel being packed to its utmost capacity. The program was very interesting and every number was most creditably ren-

dered. The audience was extremely enthusiastic, and the clubs responded most charmingly to their many and well-earned encores. The program was repeated in the village March 4, where the clubs gave a successful concert before a large house.

The following girls were welcomed back to Wellesley during the month: Miss Mary Sanderson, '90, Miss Grace Underwood, Miss Louise Brown, Miss Eleanor Green, Miss Cornelia Green, Miss Louise Pope, Miss Anna Wilkinson, '92, Miss Mary E. Hazard, Miss Sade Cutler, '93, Miss Ethel Wilkinson, '95.

Sleighing parties have been very popular since the last heavy snow-fall. Besides the usual number of private and table sleigh-rides, the societies have been entertaining themselves by social sleigh-rides. On the evening of March 1, Shakespeare went to Newton, where they were entertained by Miss Hardon. On March 3, Zeta Alpha went sleighing.

On March 6, Wellesley was given the greatest musical treat of the season, in the form of a piano recital by Xavier Scharwenka. The finely selected program and the wonderful rendering were most highly appreciated. The enthusiasm of the audience reached its height when Scharwenka responded to an encore with his Polish dance, which was interrupted by applause. It was a concert never to be forgotten by Wellesley.

On March 7 the Princess Kaiulani visited Wellesley. She did not appear publicly before the students, but she was greeted by the college cheer as she came from the Faculty parlor; and every one was glad of the chance to catch a sight of the truly noble young princess.

Every one regrets to hear of the resignation of Miss Helen Foss, '94, from the Glee Club. Miss Foss has been connected with the Glee Club ever since she entered college, and has been its leader for the past two years. She will be greatly missed. The office of leader will be filled by Miss Marion Wilcox, '93, who, we are sure, will fill it ably.

For some time extensive changes in the course of study have been under consideration. The old curriculum, laid out before the new ideas of the educational value of elective work were generally accepted, has grown continually more unsatisfactory. A readjustment of the proportion between required and elective work has seemed imperative.

After prolonged and detailed discussion by both faculty and trustees, a new plan has been adopted. This, though differing from the various schemes in operation in other colleges, is believed better suited to the needs of Wellesley than any of these would be. It aims to secure ample freedom in election by reducing

required work to the lowest point desirable, and yet it aims so to guard this freedom that the development of the student shall be helped and not hindered. To permit students to elect freely and perhaps aimlessly from all the courses offered by a college entails obvious disadvantages. These have been met in some colleges by the adoption of a "group system." Under this system, as is well known, the choice of the student is made among several lines of work, while the subjects to be pursued by the chooser of any given line are determined with a considerable degree of minuteness by the faculty. This method is of course open to the criticism that it makes specialists of those who have not yet sufficient general education. To avoid this danger the elective work at Wellesley is henceforth to be divided into two nearly equal parts. Thus, in regard to a certain number of electives the student is under no control from the faculty; in deciding upon the remainder, she is under certain restrictions.

In elaborating the plan, the nature of this restriction called for careful consideration. The group system is admirably adapted to the case of those who seek a profound knowledge of one subject simply from love of the subject, or to those who propose to become teachers of some chosen specialty. The call for persons who can teach a single subject is, however, comparatively small; the larger portion of Wellesley graduates who expect to enter the profession of teaching wish to present a good degree of preparation in several subjects, and it has seemed just to recognize the claims of this large and earnest class of students, in constructing a comprehensive scheme of college work. Moreover, many girls enter college, not because they wish to prepare for teaching or to enter upon a course of special study, but because they wish to lend to life, however its lines may be laid, the widest sympathy and the largest outlook possible. To meet the needs of all these classes it has been arranged that each student must show before graduation that six courses have been taken as follows: either three in each of two subjects, or three or four courses in one subject, with three or two courses in one or two tributary subjects. Thus the student might take in the one case an equal number of courses in Latin and history; in the other case she might take a considerable amount of botany and a smaller amount of chemistry and physics.

The work is so proportioned that about one-third of the amount necessary for a degree consists of electives subject to the conditions just named; a little less than one-third, of electives upon which no restrictions have been placed; and a little more than one-third, of required studies.* The subjects absolutely required are mathematics, philosophy, English composition, physiology, and hygiene, and Bible study; every student must take also one language and two sciences. Yet even into a large part of this nominally required work there enters the element of

choice. Thus the student may satisfy the language requirement by electing either Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, French, German, Italian, or Spanish; she may satisfy the science requirement by selecting any two from the various sciences offered by the college. To a large extent the required subjects will be taken in the early part of the course, while the later years will be left free for elective studies.

Freshmen entering next autumn will be placed upon the new curriculum, and on completing the requisite number of courses will receive the degree of B.A. In anticipation of this change, the class which entered in '92 was placed on a program which readily admits of immediate transfer to the new basis at the beginning of the next college year.

No change in the entrance requirements will be made at present, but in the autumn of '95 ability to read easy prose in a third language will be ranked among the requisites for admission. A year of natural science is to be required for admission as soon as possible. Until required for admission, it may be offered for entrance instead of "the ability to read easy prose in a third language."

* Required of all Students.

Mathematics . . .	4 hours.	Language . . .	4 hours.
English Composition .	3 "	Natural Science .	†7 "
Philosophy . . .	3 "	Physiology and Hygiene,	1 "
Bible	4 "		

Physical training, — three appointments per week in Freshman year.
Elocution, — two appointments per week in Sophomore year.
† In Freshman year — four hours.

Society Notes.

The regular meeting of Society Phi Sigma was held Saturday evening, February 18. The following program was presented: —

Browning's Lyrics.

1. The Nature Lyrics . . . . . Gertrude Carter
2. The Love Lyrics . . . . . Mary Tooker
3. The Art Lyrics . . . . . Bertha Longley
4. Song — "One Way of Love" . . . . . Caroline Hough
5. Browning's Use of the Lyric . . . . . Ethel Stanwood

The regular meeting of the Classical Society took place Saturday evening, Feb. 25, with the following program: —

Homeric Women	Florence W. Davis.
Agamemnon and Menalaus . .	Jennette Moulton.
Trojan Leaders	Grace Perkins.
News	Beatrice Stepanek.

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held February 25. Miss Louise Brown was the guest of the society. The following program was presented: —

Reminders of Colonial and Provincial Boston.

The Old Meeting-Houses . . . Clara Kruse, '94.
Reading: Grandmother's Story, *Oliver Wendell Holmes*, Marion Wilcox, '93.
Churchyards of the Old City . . . Helen Drake, '94.
A Portrait Gallery . . . . Kate Nelson, '95.
Stories from out and about Boston.
Salem . . . . . Grace Grenell, '93.
South Natick . . . . Mary Conyngton, '94.
Concord and Lexington . . Helen Marie Bennett, Sp.

Under the general subject of Greek Sculpture, the programs for last two meetings of the Art Society were as follows: —

(February 17.)

Early Greek Art.

Paper: Influence of Homeric Art on Greek Art, Miss Hoopes.
Paper: Pre-Homeric and Homeric Art . Miss Winton.
Paper: Archaic Art . . . . . Miss Larned.
Tableaux.
Discussion: Is Religion the Foundation of Art?
Leaders: { Miss Durgin. / Miss Rogers. }

(February 25.)

The Art of Phidias and Scopas.

Paper: The Art of Phidias. (With Illustrations.) Miss Perry.
Paper: The Parthenon. (With Illustrations.) Miss Whitlock.
Paper: The Art of Scopas . . . . Miss Strong.
Tableaux.
Discussion: The Relative Merits of Phidias and Scopas.
Leaders: { Miss Irish. / Miss Pond. }

Miss Maude Keller, '92, Miss Annette Finegan, '94, Miss Alberta Welsh, and Miss Charlotte Goodrich, '95, were received into the society.

An opening meeting of the Agora was held February 18. The following program was presented: —

Extemporaneous speeches on questions of the day.

Home Rule Bill . . . . . Mary Young, '93.
Annexation of Hawaii . . . . Susie Hawley, '94.
Kansas Troubles . . . . . Carrie Mann, '93.

The Senate.

Morning business:

Petition for passage of a land bill in connection with the Indian appropriation bill.

Mary Young, '93, senator from Nebraska.

Laid on the table.

Report of Committee on Judiciary:

A joint resolution to amend the Constitution so that senators shall be elected by the direct vote of the people.

Susie Hawley, '94, senator from Vermont.

Bill to provide for temporary government in cases such as Hawaii.

Agnes Damon, '93, senator from Massachusetts.

Referred to committee.

Close of morning business.

Calendar Bill.

Bill to provide for the further restriction of immigration:

Speech in favor of bill, Arline Smith, '95, senator from New Hampshire.

Speech in favor of bill, Eleanor Kellogg, '94, senator from New York.

Speech against the bill, Louise McNair, Special, senator from Missouri.

Message from the House with bill to be signed.

Bill reported all right by Committee on Enrolled Bills; bill signed. Committee instructed to take to the President of the United States.

Speech in favor of the bill, Annie Vinal, '94, senator from Massachusetts.

Speech against the bill, Kate Andrews, '93, senator from Indiana.

Question called for by one-fifth of members present, by aye and nay vote.

Vote by roll call; bill passed.

Two pairs.

Senate adjourned.

Regular Meeting, February 25.

Extemporaneous Speeches:

Cleveland's Cabinet	Caroline Field, '94.
Appeal of Princess Kaiulani . .	Kate Andrews, '95.
Relations between the Cleveland and Tammany Wings of the N.Y. Democracy . . .	Ora Slater, '94.
Growth of the Protective Tariff Idea .	Grace Dewey, '93.
History of American Currency . .	Agnes Damon, '93.

Part Played by Slavery in American Politics, Helen Mason, '93.
Growth of National Feeling . . Mary Young, '93.
The Forerunners of the Democratic and
Republican Parties . . . Bertha Jackson, '94.

SHAKESPEARE.

The regular program meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Art Library on Saturday evening, February 25, 1893, at seven o'clock. The following was the program: —

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Miss Waymouth
II. The Comédie Française . . . . . Miss Emerson
III. Dramas and French Comedy . . . . .Miss Bartholomew
IV. Dramatic Representation.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act I., Scene 2.
V. Sardou's Cleopatra . . . . . Miss Anderson
VI. A Modern Comedy of Manners.
"Le Gendre de M. Poirier" . . . . . Miss Mudgett
VII. Dramatic Representation from "Le Gendre de M. Poirier."

The Society has recently welcomed the following new members: Miss Gertrude Wilson, '95, Miss Helen Kelsey, '95, and Miss Christine Caryl, '95.

Some time since an application was made to the Phi Sigma Society for the establishment of a chapter in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. After due consideration and investigation, the society decided to establish the chapter as requested. After all necessary details of the arrangement were completed, the matter was made known outside of society walls. The Beta Chapter of Phi Sigma begins its life small in numbers, but strong in the character and scholarship of its constituents. The members have been carefully chosen, and well represent the honor and high standing of their college. Miss Abbott, the president-elect, and three other members of the Beta Chapter, came to Wellesley on Saturday last for their initiation. This occurred immediately before the presentation of the literary program of the regular society meeting, held March 11th.

The program of the meeting was as follows: —

Browning's Dramas.

1. A Study of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" . . . Elinor F. Ruddle
2. Presentation.
3. Browning as a Dramatist . . . . . Mary B. Hill
4. Presentation of "Pippa Passes."
5. Interpretation of "Pippa Passes" . . . . . Caroline Frear

College Bulletin.

March 12. A. H. Quint, D.D., preaches in the Chapel.
March 13. Lecture on Whittier by Mr. Horace Scudder.
March 16. Bishop Talbot of Wyoming and Idaho speaks in the Chapel.
March 19. Rev. Frederick Palmer of Andover preaches in the Chapel.
March 20. Concert.
March 23. Term ends.
April 4. Term opens.
April 9. Dr. J. Heniston of Brooklyn preaches in the Chapel.
April 10. Commissioner Morgan speaks on the Indian question.
April 16. Concert.

Alumnae Notes.

A meeting of the Wellesley Club of New York was held at the home of Miss Lena Hayward, 6 East 58th St., Saturday afternoon, February 25. Miss McFarland, the president, presided, and after a short business meeting the club were very pleasantly entertained by Miss Currier, who told them much of the present college life, and particularly of the plans for the work of her department. The club had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Anna Palen, the president of the Wellesley Club of Philadelphia.

Emily Briggs, '92, has been seriously ill since early in December. She is at 663 High St., Providence, R. I., where, for the present, she may be addressed.

Miss Anna Robertson Brown, '83, received the Philadelphia Wellesley Club at her home, 3603 Baring St., Saturday, January 21. The program consisted of music by Miss Brown and the reading of a letter from Miss Dennison, giving an account of interesting changes which have taken place in the college life in the last four years. The following members were present: —

Miss Baker, '89.
" Vellendere, '85–'86.
" Wiggin, '85.
" H. Baldwin, '90.
" Merrill, '86.
" Leach, '86.
" Dingley, '90.
Miss Dill, '87.
" Suck, '83.
Mrs. Barres, '89.
Miss Anna Palen, '89.
" Lodoe, '86.
Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, '89.
Miss Bessie Mackay, '89.
Miss Spencer, '89–'91.

On Saturday, February 11, at the residence of Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, 3230 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Misses Marion Hoyt, Jeanette Welch, Julia Ferris, Maud Wilkinson, and Alice Hinchcliffe Lay met to consult about the '89 reunion, to be held in Chicago next July. Cordial letters were received from Miss Edith Sturges and Mrs. Hattie Weaver Krohn, who were unable to be present.

Mrs. Kair Gamble McCoul, '86, has removed from Chicago to Riverside, Ill.

Mrs. Louise Palmer Vincent, '86, is now living in Chicago, as her husband is a Fellow at the University of Chicago.

Miss Charlotte Anita, '89, has spent one month at the New York College Settlement and will be there for at least one month longer.

The address of Mrs. Grace Warren Van Kirk, '85–'87, is 126 Watson St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Miss Frances Palen, '89, is substituting in a church-school in Burlington, N.J.

Miss Lucy Andrews, formerly of the Ethics Department, has recently been giving a course of lectures on the gas stove before the cooking-classes of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Miss Alice E. Dixon, '87, has charge of Ashby Hall, a school for girls at Springfield, Mass.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, is at home, 5520 Madison Avenue, Chicago. She is taking a course in German at the University and is studying with the class in Journalism under her father, Prof. William Cleaves Wilkinson.

Miss Anna M. Olsson, '90, has been teaching in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N.Y., since February 1.

Miss Susan Wade Peabody, '86, is spending the winter in the Boston College Settlement.

The officers of the Western Wellesley Association would extend a most cordial invitation to all Wellesley people, past and present, to meet with them at the annual luncheon which will be held on Monday, Sept. 11, 1893, 2.15 P.M., at the Auditorium, cor. Michigan Avenue and Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

The price per cover will be $1.50. Will all who intend to be present kindly send their names before September 1 to Miss Helen Hill, 119 35th St., Chicago.

CAROLINE L. WILLIAMSON, *President.*

THE LAST CLASS LETTER OF DR. BROOKS.

MY DEAR MISS JAMES: —

am glad and grateful for the privilege which you gave me of sending my most cordial greeting to the Class, my association with whom I never cease to value very highly.

Yours most sincerely,

PHILLIPS BROOKS, '89.

233 Clarendon St., Boston, Jan. 17, 1893.

Deaths.

Edith Abby Hanson, '94, at Woburn, Mass., March 6, 1893.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas — It has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, to take from this earthly life our loved class-mate, Edith Abby Hanson,

Resolved — That we, the members of the Class of '94, Wellesley College, do hereby express our deep sorrow at the loss we have experienced;

Resolved — That we do hereby extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family in this, their grief;

Resolved — That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, and that a copy be sent to her family.

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG.
MARY MILLARD.
CAROLINE WILLIAMS FIELD.

Signed in behalf of the Class of '94, March 7, 1893.

William Hinchliff, born Jan. 2, 1893; died Feb. 17, 1893. The funeral service of William, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Hinchliff, was held Saturday afternoon at the residence of Ralph Emerson.

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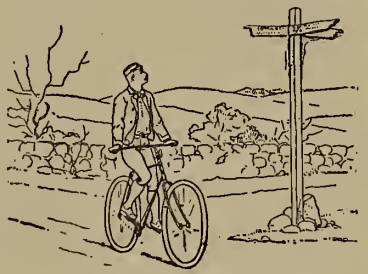

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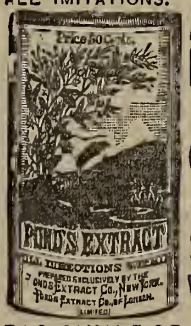

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